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BANNER ROCK CLIMB—Page Four

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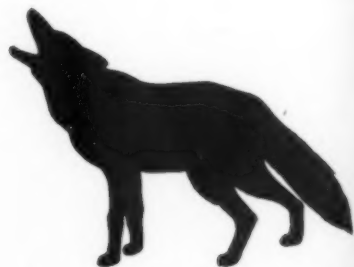
1943

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NUMBER 73



"There are many people in this country who crave the wilderness and its values more than anything else in the world."—ROBERT MARSHALL.



NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE

formerly

NATIONAL PARKS BULLETIN

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NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE, formerly National Parks Bulletin, has been published since 1919 by the National Parks Association. It presents articles of importance and of general interest relating to the national parks and monuments, and is planned to be issued quarterly for members of the Association and for others who are interested in the preservation of our national parks and monuments as well as in maintain-

ing national park standards, and in helping to preserve wilderness.

Letters and contributed manuscripts and photographs should be addressed to the Editor, 1214 Sixteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. The National Parks Association is not responsible for loss or injury to manuscripts and photographs in transit. All contributions should be accompanied by return postage.



Anvil Rock, Mt. Rainier National Park—"When I left the Service I felt that it was a criminal waste of money to keep the parks open during these times. I was dead wrong."

National Parks

FROM A FORMER PARK RANGER TO HIS SUPERINTENDENT

HE'S IN THE ARMY NOW

Dear Colonel White,

It has been twelve weeks since I left the park, and it seems more like twelve years. So much that is new and strange has been crammed into that time! It has been a hard experience so far, but, as time passes, the life becomes increasingly interesting and enjoyable, as well as easier.

The camp was well planned, for it is precisely arranged and neatly spaced over fifteen square miles. We are well equipped with sixty-man barracks, mess halls, supply rooms, hospital and all the other myriads of necessary buildings and improvements.

The country is obviously suited for an army camp, for it certainly isn't good for anything else. This place must have been Paul Bunyan's sand and gravel dump. A few "trees"—scrub oaks towering fifteen to twenty-five feet in the air—are in sparse evidence. The other floral attractions are thorn bushes, cactus, cockle burs, sand burs and numerous other plants actively hostile to soldiers crawling on their bellies during tactical maneuvers. All in all, a delightful locality, especially for a mountain man.

The Park Service is represented here by Otto Brown of Yosemite, and by Jim Cole of Joshua Tree National Monument. We also have a forestry professor from Ann Arbor, Michigan, in our Company. Roy Mikkleson, the ski-jumper, is across the way in "A" Company. We have a forest ranger and a Sierra Club rock climber. It is a regular "gathering of the clans" when we get together.

I miss the park very much indeed, and think about it daily. It is the bitter truth that we never appreciate what we have until

we lose it. That's human nature, though. I only hope that I will be able to come back to our mountains when all this mess is over.

Brown and I often discuss the recreational values of the parks. I had no conception of how much the national parks could mean in wartime until I came here. If only we had such an area as Sequoia within a day's trip from here! Thousands of men would go there to get away from routine for a few hours. If you could hear the men talk of our parks and forests, you would know how great a part they play in the American scene. When talk turns to "before the war", it's invariably the days in the woods, the hours spent with rod and reel on lake and stream, the camping trips and the quiet nights in the pine woods that take up most of the time. And it is those things that these men are fighting for, as well as for their homes, sweethearts, wives and families.

When I left the Service I felt that it was a criminal waste of money needed elsewhere to keep the parks open during these times. I was dead wrong. What I didn't know was what stress and strain these men and women in the army and in war work were going through. Without some outlet, people can't stand up under this life without cracking. What they need is recreation areas where inspiration combines with relaxation to give a new lease on life and new hope for the future. I hope, Colonel, that the Service will go on as it always has. I know now that it is more important during these times than ever before.

Sincerely,
BEVERLY BLANKS.

BANNER ROCK CLIMB

By RUTH DYAR MENDENHALL

FROM the rim of Yosemite Valley, the eastward upward sweep of high grassy meadows, icy green lakes, pines and glacier-burnished granite culminates in the Ritter Range on the crest of the High Sierra. Jagged black needles and somber peaks drop with savage abruptness to snows and lakes overlooking the pale lavender desert tapestry of Mono Basin thousands of feet below.

The Ritter Range is not of the Sierra's usual gray or yellow granite. Its cliffs are glacier-chiseled from black brittle lava, ancient igneous rock, and the Minarets' sharp aiguilles jut from tumbled icefields; to their north brood the grim dark wedges of Mount Ritter, 13,156 feet elevation, and Banner Peak, 12,957 feet.

To this region, one of the most photographed of the whole Sierra, many persons come by trail to view the splendid crags. Some climb the peaks by gentler, broken slopes; but there come a few who do not regard the precipices as merely two-dimensional, to be seen, photographed, or passed by. These, the rock climbers, seek routes which are difficult and spectacular—ways by ridges, faces and couloirs rendered not only possible, but safe, by experience, practice, and skill in the techniques of high-angle rock climbing.

The challenge of the peaks is not always

easily met. The East Buttress of Banner once bested my husband John and me when, underestimating its length and difficulty, we backpacked from our car and attempted to make the climb and return the same day. Darkness prevented both the climb's completion and the return to camp. We bivouacked till dawn on a narrow ledge high above the glacier. Cramped cold sleep came intermittently. Beyond the cliff lay a vast, mysterious mountain panorama, starlit in photographic blacks, whites and grays, and more beautiful than the daytime world. When the early sun lay pale and warming on the rocks, we descended to camp, determined to complete the climb another time.

The chance came two years later, on the Labor Day weekend of 1941. Friday evening we left San Jose, California; drove the two hundred miles to Yosemite Valley; slept in a crowded campground. Long before the sun found its way between the mighty walls, familiar rock climbing routes could be traced on cliffs and gullies. Our road ascended from the Valley, and passed east through the range and over Tioga Pass, south in the desert's baking heat, then into the mountains again to the fishing resorts at Silver Lake, at about 7,200 feet above sea level.

Early that afternoon, clad in blue-jeans,

THE COVER—This view shows the east face of Banner Peak, with a dash-line indicating the route taken by Mr. and Mrs. John D. Mendenhall in their second and successful historic attempt over that rocky trail to the summit. Situated just outside the east boundary of Yosemite National Park, Banner is one of the highest points in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, towering to 12,957 feet above sea level. A couple, roped together like the Mendenhalls, lost their lives here; and only twice previous to the Mendenhall expedition has the peak been climbed by this perilous route. In the foreground of the picture is part of Thousand-Island Lake, one of hundreds that dot California's high Sierra country.

plaid shirts, and hiking shoes, we started for Garnet Lake, nine miles distant. Into packboards were stowed the minimum equipment for sleeping, cooking, climbing and keeping warm. The new Agnew Pass trail was dusty, or raw with angular talus. It climbed dry brushy hillsides; rose persistently; switchbacked; reached at last the high country, where spring and winter together formed September.

Shoulders set against our packs, we topped the trail's high point of 10,000 feet, and sighted on the southwest horizon the beautiful battlements of Ritter and Banner—Banner, which we hoped to climb next day. New snow coated the ledges with a fragile laciness that did not conceal the difficulties it added to a climb.

The path wandered gently down toward Agnew Pass, beside placid, deep green ponds and among grassy meadows, snowbanks, and lodgepole pines. From the Pass, the way descended several hundred feet into a valley. Here we left the trail, skirted a rocky ridge, and headed for the canyon that drained Garnet Lake. The stream roared through the steep forest in a series of flashing white cascades. A crossing by boulders led to an old packers' trail on the far side, which rose dimly through dark pines, grass, Indian paintbrush and wild larkspur. In a rocky notch, snowbanks in the shadows were red with the algae that often stain old mountain snow.

Beyond the rim lay Garnet Lake, dark green, and the mighty uplift of the Ritter Range against the west.

"There should be a campground here," we suggested hopefully. Indeed, protected from lake winds by a four-foot rock wall, there was a fireplace of flat rocks, and a bed-site deep with pine needles. Following a long practiced routine for making camp in strange places, we opened the packs, gathered squaw wood, rolled out the sleeping-bags, and soon had supper bubbling over the flames.

The down sleeping-bags were warm and cozy. The utter silence and peace of the

great mountains surrounded us. We thought of another couple from San Jose who, years before, had come like us to climb on Banner's east side; some mischance, no one ever knew what, had overtaken them, and their bodies roped together had been found broken on the snow; they even now lay side by side in the meadows below the glacier, eternally one with the silence.

The sun was coloring the western peaks when we arose. Camp was still shadowed, hoar frost whitened the sleeping-bags, and wind tossed the pines. Seven o'clock found us picking our way along the south shore trail of Garnet Lake, parkas drawn about our faces against the wind. Over my shoulders was the coil of climbing rope; on John's back the rucksack stuffed with spare clothing, food and climbing equipment. Little new brooks, born in the snowbanks above, seeped across the path. Puddles were white with a film of ice, and the thick grass was crusted with frost. Soon we passed beyond the last twisted, ground-clinging trees at timberline, and from here the way led over talus blocks and across snow. The Minarets came into sight—black crags piercing the sky above their glaciers and the Iceberg Lakes.

Three hours of walking had brought us to the foot of Banner's cliffs. As with many peaks, Banner has a comparatively easy side that ordinarily does not require roped climbing. However, the more difficult routes are the most exhilarating. Climbed only twice before, the East Buttress route was named "Underhill-Eichorn" after the two men who made the first ascent in 1931. This, then, was to be our way to the summit.

In the red chimney leading out onto the buttress, leather boots were replaced with tennis shoes—the best footgear for the average Sierran rock. Each of us tied an end of the hundred-foot manila rope about the waist with a bowline knot, and consecutive climbing began. The rope, except in severe climbing of a special nature, is not used to

provide support. It serves merely as protection in case of a fall. One climber braces himself in a "belay" and pays out or takes in slack while the other climbs.

For fifty feet the rocks were dry and faintly warm in the sun; but when the route worked over to the north side of the buttress, from two to twelve inches of snow lay on the ledges. All the stances and commodious angular holds that make such climbing pleasant and somewhat like mounting a steep and irregular staircase, were now slippery and cold. The snow was powdery, indicating that since the recent storm the temperature had not risen above freezing. Seldom had we climbed under more unfavorable conditions. It was unwise to trust the support of drifted ledges or snow-choked cracks, so it was necessary to grasp and step on the small outer portions of holds. The exertion was strenuous; the high air thin; a bitter wind licked at us from around corners; our feet grew wet, and our fingers lost sensation.

We climbed steadily while the Banner Glacier dropped far below, and ridges seemed to flatten out as we rose above them. A tumbled sea of blue and white peaks widened and spread beyond the closer summits.

A very difficult snowy and slippery traverse enabled us to ascend the wall of a steep gully. Rounded black rocks were splashed with yellow lichens, and shelves were deep with snow. Above the gully, the "exposure"—the amount of nothingness under one—was extensive. A dislodged rock would fall freely down the sheer cliff, then speed in great bounds to the glacier.

Lunch consisted of rye crisp, sausage, cheese, chocolate, and a few icicles. Thus fortified, we made the "Eichorn Traverse". This is ordinarily the most difficult part of the climb, but under present conditions was easier than our movement into the gully. Above, the climbing became easier. Two more pitches up the chilly black gash in the cliff took us onto the ridge where the volcanic rock was dry and almost

warm. At half past four o'clock we reached the summit. With a final glance down the forbidding, snow-spotted ridge of our ascent, we scrambled to a sunny ledge on the west side.

Taking the easy way back, we descended the west side, worked northward, and finally circled clear around the base of the mountain to the east side campsite. It was a long distance, but had we retraced our direct route of ascent, night might have caught us on rocks much too difficult to be climbed in the dark. We had no wish to spend another night in the snow on the East Buttress.

Down talus blocks we hurried to an icy slope that was as hard as concrete. Unequipped for ice climbing, we cautiously worked our way down along the bergschrund (crevasse near the head of the glacier) where the snowfield broke from the rock. Below were easier, softer snow slopes and a rocky moraine. The sun set, and bright orange light glowed beyond the peaks. In near darkness we reached the ridge above Thousand-Island Lake and could chart the course back to camp.

Before us lay miles of wild rough country, a desolate tangle of talus and ridges, streams and pocked snowfields, lake basins, meadows, swamps and cliffs. John selected the way, and I trudged along behind, my knees already at that disconcerting point where they occasionally buckled without much reason. However, there was nothing to do but slog along in the light of the well-timed moon. The night was cold, too cold to permit long rests. But we were happy with the utter contentment that the peace of the mountains brings, when the simple interests of warmth and food, of finding the way, and the great beauty about one, are all that matter.

In cities one forgets the high country's loveliness. On a night like this, one is intensely aware of solitude and silence, the aloof cold cleanness of rock peaks and snowfields, water and air. The stream feeding the tarns above Thousand Island poured

in a moon-bathed sheet over glacier-polished slabs. The air was sharp and keenly thin, and the peaks cast shadows like black pools in the moonlight.

Passing over one final ridge, we descended into the Garnet Lake basin, and reached at last the swampy lakeshore. On we went through willow thickets, up rough banks, over outcrops, for two hours longer, when the moon, which had faithfully lighted the way, was suddenly eclipsed by the point of Mount Ritter. The night was pure with starlight. The lake lay calm, its ring of rock and snow ridges up-ended in the black water.

More than seventeen hours after our departure, we walked into camp. Kindling a fire, we heated soup and tea, and then within our sleeping-bags we melted away into unconsciousness.

Six hours later, the sun beat upon our

frosty bags. After a breakfast of applesauce, hot chocolate and bacon toasted on willow sticks and served on rye crisp, we shouldered our packs for the nine-mile walk to Silver Lake. Our road from here descended into Mono Basin, crossed Tioga Pass to Yosemite Valley, snaked down to the San Joaquin Valley, wound over Pacheco Pass into the Santa Clara Valley, and late that Monday evening it ended in San Jose.

The mountains were left behind, but they were with us still. The cliffs and crags, so beautiful and remote—man cannot exploit or soil them, burn or kill them, as he does other creations of nature. He can look at them, fight and love them; the rock climber can go among them. The cliffs of park and peak remain inviolate always, changing only for wind and water, for ice and time.

LEST WE FORGET

One instant of carelessness with fire in the woods can counteract all the good your war bonds and stamps are intended to do. Our forests are more valuable to us now than ever. Not only do millions of weary war workers need the refreshment of the forests this summer, but our whole war effort depends upon forest products. Portable bridges, hospitals, airplanes, shipping crates, rifle stocks, ammunition boxes, deck-

ing, mine layers, mine sweepers, mosquito boats and freight cars are only a few of the 1000 war necessities that come from our commercial forests.

When you leave your campfire, be sure it is out. Drop no lighted matches or cigarette stubs along forest trails. On woodland highways, throw no burning cigarettes from your car. Help win the war by keeping our forests green this summer.

U. S. Forest Service.



NEW ENGLAND GUARDS ITS WILDERNESS

WITH battles raging overseas and our "arsenal" here at home working furiously to supply allied armies and navies, it is encouraging to note that Americans are alert to the forces of destruction that are working within.

Today the struggles of conservation become part of the battle on the home front to keep America worth fighting for. One of the biggest struggles in conservation today is taking place in New England.

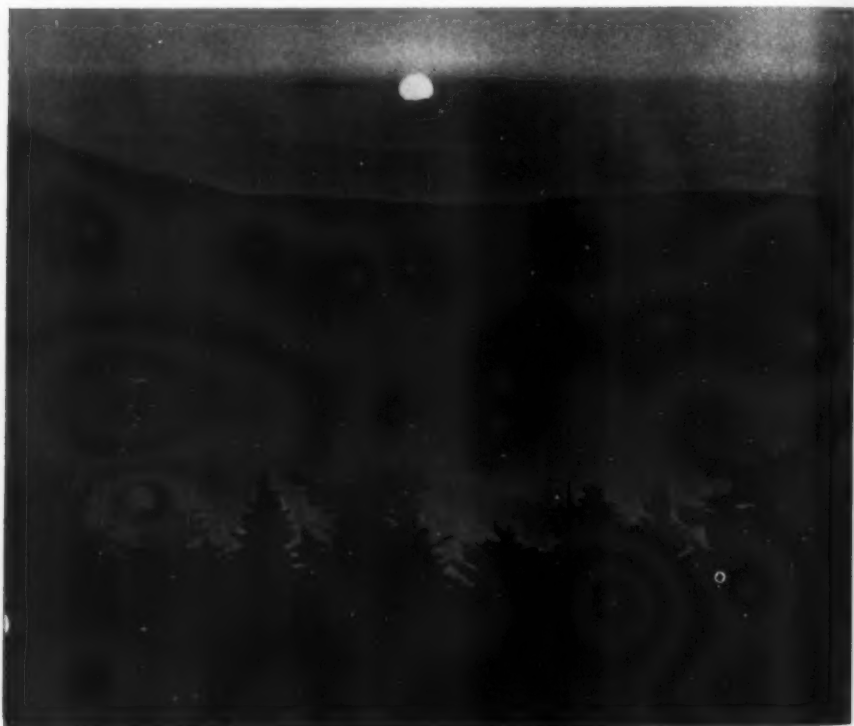
The Boston office of the National Resources Planning Board, 2100 Federal

Building, under the chairmanship of Mr. Victor M. Cutter, has proposed the building of a system of skyline highways over the Green Mountains, the White Mountains and on into the Katahdin and wilderness lake regions of Maine. (See *New England, Guard Your Wilderness* in the January-March issue of NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE.) The plan is described in a publication called "Integration of the New England Regional Plan", issued by the Boston office.

Designed as postwar work to take up the slack of unemployment after the war, the

Sunrise from Mount Mansfield, Vermont—"Beyond, and all around, the hills and mountains stood in blue-gray silhouette, range upon range fading into the distance."

National Parks Association



scheme would glorify the skill of the planners and the road-builders; this, at the expense of a great national heritage.

Aside from destroying natural beauty and the wilderness character of the New England mountains, the plan, if put into effect, would take manpower and money from important projects that are waiting to be done to make America a better place in which to live. Such projects include the reforestation of cut-over, burned-over lands; soil erosion control on millions of acres of worn-out farmlands; control of the pollution of our streams, rivers and coastal waters which today are choked with sewage and industrial waste and are endangering public health; improving and maintaining additional lands for the renewal of our depleted wildlife; city slum clearance; removal of roadside slums and beautification of our existing highways; and flood control, to mention only a few.

New Englanders are defending their mountains. They are making it known to the planners that they want no further invasion of their last remnants of wild country by highways. What are New Englanders saying in opposition to the Cutter plan?

This is what they are saying:

We gave the skyline crowd such a thorough licking in three attempts to put over such an idea that I doubt if they will try again.

It is a pleasure to know that your organization is not permitting the war to cover up the machinations of the gentlemen who seem to be gifted in planning such grandiose and destructive schemes.—A. W. P., Vermont.

When this war is over it seems to me we shall be so in need of fundamental construction that I cannot conceive of spending millions of dollars for purely scenic highways. I think that is one of the troubles with the Planning Boards. They are trying to think of things to do which will require the collection of greater taxes to be spent as the planners see fit. I only wish the Planning Boards would

study our laws and public policies in order to achieve a greater freedom of the people so that we may go ahead and live happily in the ways of free enterprise.

I feel sure that this blueprint plan will have great difficulty when it comes to the public attention. I think you are wise in registering your opposition to it now.—L. W. R., New Hampshire.

I am completely opposed to making highways or inroads for any purpose on any of our fast vanishing remnants of wilderness, either in New England or elsewhere. The lumber and pulp industries combined with the hurricane of 1938 and forest fires, have destroyed an enormous acreage of our older woodlands, and the building of modern highways over the little New England mountains would ruin the primitive beauty that still survives. It seems to me there are plenty of motor roads available elsewhere without destroying the few remaining primitive spots in our mountains. I have climbed these peaks (White Mountains) a good many times and have found the beauty well repaid the effort. Once I drove up the Mount Washington road and am certain you get much more pleasure from climbing afoot.—Mrs. N. L. G., New Hampshire.

This is to protest as strongly as possible against any plan to exploit the natural beauty of New England, and more specifically any system of skyline highways over the peaks.—Miss J. M. S., New Hampshire.

That question was fought bitterly in Vermont about ten or fifteen years ago. It would have cut the state in two. Would have removed from the tax list large tracts of land. Have left great scars on the mountain side. It would have been closed for at least five months every year. Its cost would have been excessive; Vermont's share would have been too high for a poor state that has always tried to keep out of debt, and would today be free of debts except for great floods and the hurricane of 1938.

Personally I was opposed to the parkway. There is no landscape beauty to compare with what one sees from winding country roads and farming country on either hand, with views of mountains in the distance.—H. B., Vermont.

I opposed this plan when it was proposed some time ago, and have not changed my mind since. I am sending to you a copy of the VERMONT in which I had the lead article. I hope you will find the whole article interesting, particularly the part in which I give my views on the "parkway".—L. S. G., Vermont.

MEMORIES OF THE LONG TRAIL

We hiked over several sections of the Long Trail in the summer of 1939. The great beauty of the Green Mountains which it traverses, the wild aspect of the forests—these I shall always remember.

It was a damp humid morning with clouds hanging about the mountain tops when we climbed out of the valley that lies at the north base of Stratton, highest peak in southern Vermont. As we passed along through small spruces and other low-growing trees, thunder sounded to the west. High up near the summit of the densely forested ridge the trail took us ankle-deep through the clear water of a bog that was green with sphagnum moss. Presently we reached dry ground and entered a forest of giant hardwoods—beech, yellow birch and red and mountain maple. Then the storm that had been closing in let loose its full fury upon the forest. Wind tossed the trees, the cloudburst fell with a rushing sound, and the fierce lightning was accompanied by thunder that had the rumbling echo characteristic in mountain country. There was a tremendous sense of isolation. We felt the thrill that comes to the wilderness wanderer, the satisfaction of realizing that one has taken himself, by his own physical power, far from the haunts and highways of man. Here was nature, wilderness in all its glory.

Hours later, when the sun shone in filtered spots through the foliage, we passed down through an ancient forest. There were gnarled, winding trunks of beeches measuring up to four feet in diameter, and birches and maples even larger. They stood

apart so that one could see for long distances between them. Presently we entered the southern section of the Green Mountain National Forest. A mile and a half beyond, we reached Bromley Lodge, a picturesque cabin standing beside a mountain stream. Here we passed the night.

With the coming of dawn there sounded the call of the hermit thrush. Low misty clouds covered the sky as the trail led again through ancient hardwoods. Presently a spur trail took us to Bromley Meadow high on the south slope of Bromley Mountain. The grassy expanse was steep and picturesquely dotted with pointed spruces. From here there is a view of Stratton Mountain and other lesser peaks to the south covered with the vast, unbroken forest.

On another day we climbed to the summit of Pico Peak, far to the north. That was a brilliant day, and the distant mountains were so blue that they appeared as though painted on canvas. Northwest we could see the Adirondack mountains in New York, and this side of them, a silvery line that marked the position of Lake Champlain. Northward the Green Mountains rolled on into Canada. The Presidential Range of New Hampshire, with Mount Washington rising from its midst, stood out on the horizon to the northeast, and southward stretched the vast forests through which we had been roaming during past days.

The trail down the north side of Pico plunged into a thick forest of young balsams, and presently it brought us to an area of spruces that had been toppled by the hurricane of '38. Here in the down timber, when we stood still for a few moments, the forest became alive with birds. There was a family of blue jays nearby. Overhead we heard the notes of golden-crowned kinglets, and upon looking up we saw not only several of these tiny birds, but a red-breasted nuthatch with them. At a little distance a downy woodpecker and a yellow-bellied sapsucker searched for insects among the strips of peeling bark on



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Vermont's Long Trail winds for many miles through the wild, silent forests of the Green Mountains, which New Englanders are now fighting to save from further invasion by highways.

the trunks of a clump of birches. Here, too, we saw a pair of brown creepers, those little fellows with curving bills, ascending tree trunks in their usual manner. From the greenery of ferns and other woodland plants came the gentle song of a winter wren. There were many juncos about, and as we started on, a white-throated sparrow called.

Toward the base of the mountain we came upon a stand of white birches and balsams, a combination of trees we had not seen before. Here a deer bounded to its feet and trotted away.

Beyond Sherburne Pass we entered the northern section of the Green Mountain National Forest, in the first mile of which we encountered many species of ferns. Maidenhair fern was abundant, growing in masses along both sides of the trail. Set in the hollow of a moss-covered rock we discovered one plant of the little maidenhair spleenwort. Present also were rattlesnake ferns and ostrich ferns, each with its oddly shaped fruiting stalk.

It was early morning when we stepped to the forested shore of little Lake Pleiad. I shall not soon forget how it looked. Rays of the early sun shot through the tall trees and shafted across the lake, while the trees along the west shore stood full in the rich light. The water was calm and the surrounding forest and mountain scenery were reflected in it. There was no sound but the call of a thrush on the far slope—until, just behind us, a red squirrel gave us a scolding for disturbing the peace of his domain. Peace, indeed. Yes, the squirrel was right. In all that wild beauty we were the only creatures that did not belong. Yet we were quiet, very considerate of that domain. We only wanted to absorb its peace.

Will this place ever know the roar of traffic, the fumes of gasoline exhaust, the noise of crowds who want only to go "sight-seeing"? Will the mossy, flower-filled shore of that little lake some day be trod by countless sightseers who lack the true appreciation of, and respect for, wilderness? I do not believe it will.

Miles to the north we passed through the Needle's Eye, a tunnel under two leaning rocks, and then climbed the great south cliff that forms the Forehead of Mount Mansfield. We zigzagged up through narrow clefts, along dripping, mossy ledges and beneath overhanging rocks. Presently we came onto the broad, rounded summit. The day had been bright, and at evening we had a fine sunset display. Far away Lake Champlain reflected the sun, and beyond in purple haze were the Adirondacks.

We were up with the first light of dawn when all the vast world below was silent and the air still and cold. Broad ribbons of white mist filled the valleys, while beyond, and all around, the hills and mountains stood in blue-gray silhouette, range upon range fading into the distance. The east turned orange, and presently the sun topped the horizon.

Hitting the trail early, we continued northward. Emerging from the dwarf forest of evergreens, we walked across little grassy alpine meadows broken by rocky outcrops. All about were low-growing blueberry bushes, Labrador tea and other plants of high altitude, and mats of green and red sphagnum.

At last we stood upon the Chin of Mount Mansfield, 4,393 feet above sea level, the highest point in Vermont. Here, standing in the cool wind, we could look below to tiny Lake of the Clouds, nestling like Pleiad, in a forest setting. To the right was Smugler's Notch, a rock-walled gap dividing Mansfield from the Stirling Range. To the north were Belvidere and Haystack mountains, and in the hazy distance Jay Peak rising from the largest bit of undisturbed wilderness in all Vermont.

I know why New Englanders are eager to defend their mountains against further invasion by roads. If you go to those mountains, if you set your feet upon their wilderness trails, if you stroll through their forests, if you smell the vegetation and rich woodland soil, and if you absorb their peace and beauty, you, too, will know.

THE CAPITAL'S LITTLE "WILDERNESS"

ROCK CREEK PARK

By DEVEREUX BUTCHER

Photographs by the National Parks Association

THOSE people living in the nation's capital who have a true appreciation of wild country and an understanding of nature are fortunate, indeed. Almost at their front doors is an area of 1737 acres known as Rock Creek Park lying within the District of Columbia. There are places in the park where one can go and be out of sight and sound of any trace of civilization. This area has been set aside for the benefit of the people for many years, and it has been held in trust by the National Park Service since the creation of the Service in 1916.

Like other areas administered by the National Park Service, no commercial ac-

tivity of any kind is permitted inside its borders. As a result of this, it is today, for the most part, a bit of nearly undisturbed woodland.

No other large city in all the United States has a park so large, that possesses also this wild quality.

In spring and early summer, Rock Creek Park is a botanist's paradise. Here you can find a wealth of forest-dwelling wildflowers such as the May apple with its large single white bloom, the rattlesnake plantain with its stalk of pearly blossoms, and the wintergreen with its evergreen leaves and one to three wax-like flowers. In some

The yellow trout lily is still abundant in the moist bottomland of the upper parts of the valley, and in a few places on the slopes, the pink and white showy orchids can be found.





Both varieties of the bird's-foot violet, most beautiful of its kind in North America, are present, but not abundant in the park. The variety at left has the two upper petals in dark purple.

places the ground is covered by partridge vine with its flowers arranged in pairs. On the hill tops there is shinleaf, and in the moist soil of the valley there is an abundance of Dutchman's breeches, and there are Indian pipes, as well as those strange little creations that look like Indian pipes turned yellow, orange or crimson, known as pine saps. You will find squawroot, too, bright yellow and reddish—a parasite living on the roots of oak trees, and which, in appearance, is one of the oddest of all. There are other notables, too, including the ones shown in the accompanying pictures.

Besides the flowers there are ferns of several species such as the little ebony speenwort, the grape fern, Christmas fern, maidenhair fern, broad beech fern, lady fern easily recognized by its red stems, and New York fern. The royal fern is present, but very rare, and on rocky ledges you will find the polypody.

If the weather is just right during spring and summer, the forest will be alive with dozens of species of wild mushrooms that literally possess the colors of the rainbow.

(Pictures of some of these will appear in a future issue of National Parks Magazine.)

The forest itself is partly composed of pure stands of Virginia pine, although most of it consists of hardwoods. Red birch and boxelder are plentiful in the valley, while beech and many kinds of oak and hickory are found on the slopes and higher levels. Dogwood and redbud are abundant throughout, and these together with laurel and wild azalea make great floral displays in early spring.

Wildlife in the park is also quite plentiful. It includes foxes which occasionally can be heard barking at night. There are coons, as you will soon discover if you look for their tracks in the sandbars along streams. Gray squirrels are numerous, and flying squirrels—those dwellers of hollow old trees—are present, though not in great numbers.

But all is not well with Rock Creek Park. The Park Service has received complaints that the park is not kept neat. Some people have objected to dead trees being left in the woods. If the forest is to be



The Jack-in-the-pulpit may have been common in the wooded hills and valleys of Rock Creek Park, but today it exists in only a few places. Like many other fascinating forms of plantlife native to the area, it has been dug up and transported to gardens where rarely it survives the changed environment.

maintained in as nearly a natural condition as possible with consideration being given to all forms of life therein, particularly animal and bird life, then dead trees must be left. Nature has provided large old dead trees as the home-sites of species like squirrels, coon, flickers, owls, chickadees, bluebirds, woodpeckers and others, and to remove the dead trees will mean removing also those species. They can not get along without them any more than you and I can get along without a house to live in. Rot-

ting hollow logs on the ground provide means of escape for rabbits, of which there are a few in the park, and rotting wood also provides habitat for many extremely beautiful forms of fungi. It must not be forgotten, too, that nature's method of replenishing the fertility of the soil for a new generation of trees is brought about by the rotting of dead wood.

Probably partly due to pressure from people who are unfamiliar with the above truths, the Park Service has permitted some

Two aristocrats of the plant world are the whorled pogonia and the pink meccasin flower, both of which belong to the orchid family. The pogonia is inconspicuous, and therefore a few colonies are yet present in the park; but of the other there exists perhaps but one plant in the entire park, for in the past it was torn up by vandals, and sold on the street corners of Washington.



extensive "clean-up" work to be done in the park during the past winter. Wildlife will pay the price.

Your Association took steps to have this work stopped, insofar as the Park Service employees are concerned, and it has met with success. A contractor, however, was permitted to enter the park with a gang and two trucks for the expressed purpose of removing from part of the park the many pines that fell a year ago during a heavy snow storm. These pines caused a fire hazard and it is right that they should be removed. But the contractor has not stopped at the pines. He has been permitted to take out old snags that have stood for many years; and he has raised havoc with his trucks.

It was stated by the Service that another reason for removing these dead pines was to control a possible epidemic of pine bark borers. The Service said that if these became too abundant in the dead pines, they would attack the living trees. If this is so, then all of the newly fallen pines that have been cut throughout the park should be hauled away. Some of the cut pines still remain. As for other wood which has been cut and stacked in countless piles in the park, this, too, we believe, should be hauled away and used to supplement the fuel shortage. If it is not to be hauled away—

much of it is in inaccessible locations that would require great expense and effort to bring out—then it should be again strewn about the ground and allowed to rot as nature intended it to, and not left in unnatural piles.

As an alternative to this "clean-up" project, the Association has pointed out that there exists in many parts of the park serious soil erosion, particularly along parts of some of the bridge trails that have been unwisely constructed on steep slopes. Yearly this condition is growing worse, and sooner or later it must be corrected. The longer it remains, the greater will be the cost to the taxpayer when it is adjusted. At present, culverts in many of the bridge paths divert subsoil and gravel down over the natural ground of the forest.

Flood conditions after heavy rains present another problem in the park which some day must be remedied. There is also the problem of stream pollution. Sewage is partly responsible for this. It is a menace to health. During periods of low water in summer droughts, the air in parts of the valley becomes unwholesome.

We ask why money should be spent, particularly in wartime, for a program that is not only needless, but harmful. Would it not be better to correct past mistakes?

ONE MORE THREAT—GRAZING

In January, the Wool Growers' Association, at their annual meeting, adopted a resolution urging that the national parks be opened to the grazing of sheep.

The National Parks Association wishes to point out again that the National Park System in continental United States comprises less than one percent of our total land area. The national parks constitute the last nearly intact remnants of the wilderness that once stretched across our continent. During the past ten years 120,000,000 people have visited these great nat-

ural areas for refreshment and inspiration. This is the highest purpose the parks can serve; and we, as a nation, are poor, indeed, if we can not continue to preserve these small and superb remnants of the North American wilderness for the enjoyment of future generations.

Commercial use of the areas alters natural conditions, and when these conditions are changed, the value of the parks is reduced. All grazing lands must be proved to be inadequate to meet war demands before temporarily opening the parks to such use.

SITKA SPRUCE AND THE WAR

IN JANUARY when a raft of 900,000 board feet of Alaska Sitka spruce logs safely ended its ocean voyage at Puget Sound, national parks men and conservationists everywhere heaved a partial sigh of relief, because the wood helped to reduce the pressure for cutting spruce in that magnificent remnant of rain forest being preserved for posterity in Olympic National Park.

The U. S. Forest Service had proved that even in winter weather it could deliver to the sawmills of the United States, timber from the Tongass National Forest in Alaska. This achievement was stimulated by the demand of both Britain and the United States for high grade Sitka spruce needed in warplane construction. The flow of spruce from Alaska will be resumed during this spring and summer. The harvesting of Alaska spruce will help to remedy the shortage of available spruce on the coast of Washington and Oregon.

Spruce is being cut along the coast of British Columbia, and private, state and national forest lands are being opened up and cut to meet the ceaseless demand.

Had lumber companies operating in the Sitka spruce range paid better attention to conserving their timber resource in the past, there would probably be a greater supply of this valuable wood on hand today. The nation may yet pay dearly for that negligence. Even now, the sound of the ax draws ever closer to the boundaries of Olympic National Park. (See *Rain Forest* in the July-September 1942 issue of *National Parks Magazine*.)

If, to win the war, it becomes absolutely necessary to take Sitka spruce from the park, this shall be done, and the trees shall be sacrificed for freedom in the same spirit as our men are being sacrificed. But the desecration of the Olympic National Park

rain forest must not take place until every last available tree elsewhere has been cut.

The Olympic National Park rain forest—a mere remnant of the original—has been set aside as a representative stand of this forest which presents one of America's greatest nature spectacles, and is to be preserved intact for all time. It is public property, and in its primitive and undisturbed condition it has a lasting and far higher value than would its trees if sawed into lumber. Let no private owner of merchantable Sitka spruce, therefore, hold his timber from meeting the present desperate demand merely because he hopes to obtain a greater financial return on it at some future date. Let no amount of effort be withheld from reaching the most inaccessible stands of Sitka spruce outside the park.

The disturbing news today is that the Queets Corridor has been opened to cutting. This is a strip of rain forest extending from the southwest boundary of the park along the Queets River to the ocean. It had already been purchased in part, and was intended to be added to the park.

A release issued by the Department of the Interior states:

"The use of the spruce was a necessary contribution by the Department of the Interior to the war program. Approval was given the project only when war needs made the sacrifice imperative. In making cutting plans, provision is being made to save a strip of forest vegetation along the proposed parkway in order to preserve scenic values so far as possible, while at the same time allowing the necessary cutting back of this screen.

"Only the most careful selective logging will be allowed in the Corridor. Under rigid forest practice rules, certain trees selected by the Department of the Interior foresters will be cut, in an attempt to hold damage to the area to a minimum.

"The nation may rest assured that we will not permit repetition of the mistakes of the first World War, when unrestrained spruce logging on the Olympic Peninsula resulted in great waste.

"It is estimated that the taking of 3,000,000 board feet of timber selected because of suitability for aircraft stock, will involve cutting an average of only two or three trees per acre."

The removal of two or three trees involves not only breaking the protective

forest canopy, but also there will be considerable damage to remaining trees and to the ground cover by the logging machinery required to get these giants out. Natural conditions are bound, therefore, to be considerably disturbed.

The cutting of the Queets Corridor, because it was planned to be added to the park, is a sacrifice second in magnitude only to that of the cutting of the forest within the park itself.

JACKSON HOLE NOW A NATIONAL MONUMENT

On March sixteenth the President signed a proclamation establishing the Jackson Hole National Monument. The area consists of 221,610 acres adjacent to the eastern and northern borders of Grand Teton National Park in Wyoming.

Establishment of the monument prevents the development of commercial enterprises near the accessible borders of the national park. It provides protection for the natural and historical features within the monument area, and offers a perfect vantage point from which to view the

spectacular jagged peaks of the Grand Teton Mountains within the national park.

The greater part of the monument is composed of sage flats and grasslands, although there are lakes and woodlands in some parts of it. Moose inhabit the woodlands, and it is said that the rare trumpeter swan formerly bred on some of the smaller lakes. Elk use the grasslands as winter feeding grounds, and sage grouse live on the sage flats. These species and many others that are native to the area are now afforded permanent protection.

IN MEMORY OF DR. CHARLES RIBORG MANN

Dr. Charles Riborg Mann died September 10, 1942. He had been a member of the Association's Board of Trustees, representing the American Council on Education. Born in Orange, New Jersey, July 12, 1869, Dr. Mann made his home in Washington, D. C., since 1918. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Adrienne G. Mann, and a son and daughter.

Dr. Mann was the recipient of numerous degrees from colleges and universities, and was the investigator for the joint committee on engineering education of the National Engineering Societies and the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, from 1914 to 1918. In

1918 he was appointed advisory member, Committee on Education and Special Training, War Department.

For his work in the latter, Dr. Mann was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal, and in 1919 he was made chairman of the Civilian Advisory Board, General Staff, War Department, serving until 1925.

Dr. Mann was the author of numerous scientific and educational works, among the most notable of which was the monograph, "Living and Learning", published by the American Council on Education in 1938.

Shortly before his death, Dr. Mann wrote for Training within Industry, "The Common Goal".

THROUGH THE EYES OF A RANGER

PART I

By Natt N. Dodge

OUT of the Painted Desert rose a golden Arizona moon. Its steady light slowly dissolved the gloom filling the bottomless depths of the Grand Canyon, and picked out the shadowy turrets and battlements and bulking masses of the mighty temples of erosion. Ten miles away, on the opposite rim of the great chasm, twinkled the lights of El Tovar and of Grand Canyon Village. One of the ladies in the little group gazing awestruck across this silent scene turned to me and queried, "Oh ranger, aren't those lights on the Canadian side?"

In the presence of the sublime, it is easy to appear ridiculous. Many people sense this fact and temper their queries to a ranger with, "This may be a foolish question, but —". Although an occasional visitor asks questions just to make conversation, the majority are sincerely seeking information. Usually a question which at first appears foolish may be inspired by considerable thought, but is worded in such a way as to convey a different meaning than intended. For example, a visitor entered the Park Administration Building and asked the ranger at the information desk if the Canyon was still up there where it used to be. This man had visited the park a number of years previous and was confused by the new buildings and re-routed highways. Another question which we frequently hear is, "How far below sea level is the bottom of the Grand Canyon?" The knowledge that parts of Death Valley are below sea level probably inspires this question, and many persons do not know that the Colorado River flows through the Grand Canyon on its way to the Gulf of California.

Occasionally we receive questions that leave us gasping. At the entrances of many national parks are checking stations where

motorists register and pay a permit fee. The rangers at these stations come in for some peculiar queries. As one car drew up to the station, the driver leaned out and called, "How much farther is it?"

"About half a mile", I replied.

"What do we see when we get there?", he asked.

"Why", I said somewhat taken aback, "the Grand Canyon".

"Oh", he responded, "what's that?"

I was speechless.

The highway entering Grand Canyon National Park from the north passes for miles through the forests of the Kaibab Plateau. Thousands of deer roam this region and, toward nightfall, congregate in the open meadows to feed. About dusk one August evening I registered a car containing three young ladies. Their first question was, "Why are the cows so small up here? Ours at home are much larger but they don't have such big horns." I had considerable difficulty in convincing the girls that they had observed herds of wild deer, not domestic cattle.

Animal life, next to scenery, has the strongest appeal to the visitor. One ranger reported an automobile-load of tourists who inquired where the deer might be seen. About an hour later the car checked out, its driver thanking the ranger and telling him how much they had all enjoyed watching and photographing the deer. Later in the day the same car re-entered the park. It had gone nearly fifty miles before its occupants woke up to the fact that they had neglected to go to the rim and look at the Grand Canyon.

Bears form a great attraction for the tourists in parks where they occur. Rangers catalogue visitors as "those-who-want-to-see-a-bear" and "those-who-want-to-



Hileman

A park ranger with visitors on Mount Stanton, Glacier National Park—
"In the presence of the sublime, it is easy to appear ridiculous.
Many people sense this fact, and temper their queries to a ranger."

avoid-seeing-a-bear". Park bears have learned to associate humans with food, and have become very bold, but they are by no means tame. As a protection to both bears and visitors, the Park Service has issued a regulation prohibiting the feeding of bears. Notices to that effect appear in park bulletins and on conspicuous signs; but the public does not always believe in signs. Whenever a bear appears in the campground or near a hotel, there is always a rush for "something to feed the bear". Then cameras click while someone with a smile of nonchalance coaxes the bear to rear up on its hind legs and take a morsel from his fingers. Why will people risk limb or possibly life just to have a wild animal (from which they would flee in terror if it escaped from its cage in the zoo) in close proximity to their persons? It must be a national parks complex.

Bears are a continuous source of trouble to park rangers. As each car enters the park its occupants spew forth and approach the nearest man in uniform. "We just drove in", they announce in unison, "where can we see a bear?" Since park bears roam at will, that is not an easy question to answer. Bears have an uncanny habit of being elsewhere when wanted, and present when least desired. The very person who becomes provoked when the ranger cannot immediately produce a bear, may route the same ranger out of bed in the middle of the night to drive a bear out of his tent while the members of his family stand around trembling with fright and cold. Then he may threaten to report the ranger to his congressman for permitting bears to wander at large around campgrounds. The bear probably entered the tent because the camper enticed him with food during the daytime. Bears fail to comprehend the sudden reversal of hospitality; but it is all very simple. The visitor has stepped from the I-want-to-see-a-bear class into the I-want-to-avoid-seeing-a-bear group. Rangers learn to foretell rather accurately when this change will take place, but somehow,

bears never seem to be able to figure it out.

Bears frequently cause traffic jams as people leave their cars in the middle of the road while they rush up with cameras cocked to snap a picture. Bears are the targets for more camera shots than any other park residents except rangers. It is amusing to watch, from the corner of one's eye, a visitor stealthily approaching with camera ready as we stand talking with someone who is quite apparently manufacturing conversation so that the other may take the picture. I can fully appreciate the sensations of an animal that is being stalked.

Deer become nuisances in some parks by overturning garbage cans and begging for food. During the mating season, usually in December, the bucks become treacherous and may attack children. Ground squirrels and chipmunks near campgrounds abandon their natural food-gathering habits during the summer and subsist largely on the dole. Like some of their human brothers, they are loath to return to work and, with the autumn departure of the tourists, they descend upon the homes and cupboards of the rangers and other permanent park residents to make nests in their mattresses and carry away their beans and rice.

Ground squirrels and chipmunks are not the only creatures that make a practice of carrying away articles. Another of the rangers' troubles arises from the depredations of souvenir hunters. Park signs hold a strong appeal. One that stood at the head of a short trail leading to a prehistoric Indian cliff-ruin on the north rim of the Grand Canyon had to be replaced three times in one summer. It isn't replacing the signs that irks the rangers. It is the wear and tear on the public. Many persons passed by that trail who would have greatly enjoyed visiting the ruin had the sign been there to inform them of its presence.

The unknown absence of that sign caused me a moment of embarrassment. At one of the campfire talks, I mentioned the ruin

and suggested that it be visited. The next day an argument developed in the campground. It seems that one lady, following my directions, went in search of the ruin, but, due to the absence of the sign, passed the spot and came out on the rim half a mile beyond. From that point she could see, some distance away, the stone foundations remaining from a lodge which had been destroyed by fire several years previously. Excited over the magnitude of the "ruin", she returned to the campground with a description that she had some difficulty in getting others to believe.

Classic among stories of souvenir hunters is that of the man who drove many miles to the gateway of Yosemite National Park. Paying the entrance fee, he carefully affixed the sticker to his windshield, swung his car around, and drove out again.

Lack of time, the big American obstacle, undoubtedly prevents many travelers from giving the parks more than a glance. However, I feel that the main reason that people do not plan a longer stay is that they have no previous conception of the magnitude and magnificence of a national park. The word "park" to many persons signifies an area of a few city blocks planted to grass and trees and containing a wading pool, zoo, hot-dog stands, and a merry-go-round.

Occasionally we meet persons who are neither impressed with nor interested in scenic grandeur. I well remember one young lady in red-white-and-blue beach pajamas who stood at the snout of the great Nisqually Glacier on Mt. Rainier and drawled, "Well, buddy, when anything happens around here give me a ring, will ya!" Only a day or two later I witnessed the antithesis of this reaction. A man, short of breath and with several days growth of beard on his jowls sat for a full hour on a boulder gazing at the corrugated ice face and watching the milky torrent gush from beneath the glacier. Rising stiffly, he knocked the ashes from his pipe and turned to me. "Son", he said, "that's

the most remarkable sight I ever saw". Another man, after I had finally convinced him that the great mass was actually ice, but that the wind-blown dirt sticking to its surface made it look like a great slag heap, remarked rather testily, "Why don't you rangers come up here every morning and wash the glacier's face so that people can tell that it is ice?" The following October a great sea of water which had been blocked by the ice came roaring down the Nisqually Canyon. It swept away the big concrete bridge and nearly engulfed several people. How I wished that I had taken the telephone number of the young lady of the beach pajamas who wanted me to give her a ring when anything happened.

During fine weather, lodge and inn lounges are filled with people talking, smoking, and playing cards; but on stormy days, when the scenery is obscured by swirling mists or driving rain, people crowd about the windows torn between hope and despair. Rangers are bombarded with questions regarding prospects for clearing weather. When at last the clouds break there is a general exodus and a chorus of "ohs" and "ahs". When the view is there for all to see, many persons are satisfied with a glance; but veil it with mists and the desire to see it becomes a passion.

The third stormy evening of a rainy spell at Mount Rainier, I was in the midst of giving an illustrated lecture to about 250 people at the Paradise community house. Someone opened the door and called in, "The fog's lifted, and the mountain's in the clear!" He might as well have yelled "fire!" for within two minutes there wasn't a person left in the building.

As a rule, folks are mighty good sports about bad weather. Often they have come from great distances, have a very limited time to stay, and may never have an opportunity to return. Whenever the weather is inclement, every man in uniform is battered with questions. "How long will this

last? Will it be clear tomorrow? When will we be able to see anything? Why don't you tell people when the weather is bad so they won't waste time coming here?" It has been stated that only two classes of people will forecast the weather; prophets and fools. This perhaps explains why rangers will almost never commit themselves on the subject.

Conversely, many people enjoy stormy weather. Thousands now visit the national parks during the stormy season to participate in winter sports. Some of my most pleasant nature hikes have been conducted in stormy weather. Outstanding among these was a six mile hike to the summit of Goble's Knob in Mt. Rainier National Park. On the morning in question, a steady drizzle and low hanging clouds led me to believe that no one would appear for the hike. Nevertheless, I was ready at the park museum at eight o'clock. A rather cross appearing, elderly lady was the only person there. After waiting a few moments, I informed the old lady that there would be no trip as there was insufficient attendance.

"How many do you need to have?" she inquired.

"At least five", I replied.

Without another word she departed and I settled myself to some urgent desk work. Half an hour later, footsteps and voices outside attracted my attention. The old lady had been to the campground where she had recruited thirteen persons to go on the hike. We went!

The old lady's crustiness was all on the surface. She had a keen sense of humor and a clear, quick mind. Slogging along in a pair of old shoes, she kept the entire group in a continually receptive state of mind with her interesting queries and pertinent remarks. When we reached home she thanked me most enthusiastically. "I am

seventy-four years old", she said, "and I have been saving up for this visit to the park for three years. I have a weak heart and the doctor told me that I must not exert myself or go to high elevations; but when my time comes, I want to be on a mountain top or under the beautiful trees." For the sake of all ranger-naturalists, I hope that other folk will be as considerate, and if they must take their weak hearts to the top of a mountain, they will not divulge the fact until the trip is over.

It has always seemed to me that people who camp out in the national parks have the best time as they become intimately acquainted with the area. This is because they have no schedule to follow, can stay as long as they like, and especially because they follow the trails and explore the byways and less accessible portions of the park. Many of them come back season after season. Late one August, a truckload of farm neighbors rolled into the campground. Sleeping in the open, eating hearty meals of the farm products which they brought with them, they spent ten happy days. On the evening before they left, they had a little party around the campfire. One of the ladies borrowed my cabin cookstove so that she could make a cake for the occasion. In the course of the conversation, she mentioned that the entire outing cost them just one dollar per person including the gasoline for the truck.

Of course, campers don't have a monopoly on the good times. One well-known author with her family spent several weeks at Paradise Lodge. Her sons became favorites with the guides and accompanied them on many trips into the high country. Her husband enjoyed fishing in the park's well-stocked lakes and streams. The lady herself rode horseback, hiked, and studied the people about her.

"A nation like ours at war is inspired to greater efforts by the thought that institutions in which it takes pride, and which symbolize its greatness, are being defended and will exist after the war has been won."—President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE AND THE ARMED FORCES

Members of the Association will be glad to learn that again NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE has gone to the nine Army Service Commands in the United States for distribution to their camp libraries, and to the Service Commands at Puerto Rico, the Canal Zone and Hawaii.

This was made possible partly through contributions received in response to the notice which appeared in the January-March issue. To those who made the contributions, your Executive Staff offers thanks.

Unfortunately the sum total was so small that it covered little more than the cost of postage, and the Association was again obliged to pay for the printing with its meager funds.

We feel sure that the entire membership heartily approves of sending the magazine to our fighting men, for we feel that its articles of entertainment, as well as those of a controversial nature, together with the pictures, bring a few moments of pleasure to all who read and see them. In this connection, we have received several letters expressing the importance of making this contribution. The following letter sums it up briefly:

"I was glad to note in your January-March issue that copies of NATIONAL PARKS

MAGAZINE were sent to all of the Army Service Commands. From my own experiences during the little Spanish War in the Philippines, as well as the comparatively small World War One, and from what we hear from our boys at Army posts at home and abroad, there is a positive craving for reading matter which depicts homeland scenes the exact opposite of what they are encountering in service under tropic palm or arctic pine. As men are caught up in the mechanically grinding forces of war, they crave news and pictures of those places, people or institutions which represent the finer side of our modern life."—Col. J. R. W., California.

Why should we not send our magazine to the Navy, and the Merchant Marine, as well as to the Army? Your Executive Staff again expresses the hope that sufficient contributions will be forthcoming to make it possible to print and mail this issue to one or all of the above-mentioned services.

Because our printer can hold, for only a few days, the forms of this issue for the printing of additional copies; and because the issue, if it is to go to the services, should be received by them as close as possible to the date of publication, we urge you to send in your contribution now.

ASSOCIATION POSTER STAMP



The poster stamp of the National Parks Association has been reproduced from an oil painting by the Association's staff artist. It depicts two hikers standing amid the alpine firs at timberline as they gaze across a vast mountain landscape. Printed in three shades of blue with lettering in red, it is designed for use on letters, postcards and packages. The stamp provides an easy and decorative means by which members can make every piece of their outgoing mail carry a message in behalf of the national parks, and at the same time help to make their Association more widely known. Booklets containing forty-eight stamps are available for a dollar each. Won't you order your supply now?

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE



Ruth Dyar
Mendenhall

Ruth Dyar Mendenhall (*Banner Rock Climb*) was born near Spokane, Washington, and was graduated from the University of Washington at Seattle. While doing secretarial work in

California, she became interested in rock climbing and mountaineering through membership in the Southern California Chapter of the Sierra Club. In 1939 she was married to John D. Mendenhall, a structural engineer and experienced climber. Mr. and Mrs. Mendenhall have climbed together in Yosemite, Sequoia and Kings Canyon National Parks in the High Sierra, making two new ascents of Mount Whitney's East Face; in Jasper National Park in Canada; and elsewhere in California and Arizona. Mrs. Mendenhall has edited a news-sheet for Sierra Club Skiers and climbers, has been a member of the Sierra Club Editorial Board, and written for the "Desert Magazine." She climbed and backpacked alone in Glacier National Park last summer. Since 1941, war work has taken the Mendenhalls to Delaware, Missouri and currently Birmingham, Alabama.

Devereux Butcher (*The Capital's Little "Wilderness"*) is Executive Secretary of the National Parks Association and Editor of National Parks Magazine.



Natt N. Dodge

Natt N. Dodge (*Through the Eyes of a Ranger*) became a westerner at the age of five years when he moved to Colorado from his native Massachusetts. Mountain climbing and nature

photography were his hobbies during vacation from classes at Colorado State Agricultural College.

Honeymooning enroute to Seattle to take over management of a small fruit ranch, Mr. Dodge visited Yellowstone and Glacier National Parks in 1924. At Yellowstone he was much impressed with a naturalist-conducted campfire program. Thus, when the great depression rendered him jobless in 1932, he applied for a ranger-naturalist position at Mount Rainier National Park. Following three summers at Rainier, Mr. Dodge received a permanent ranger appointment to Grand Canyon.

Transferred to Southwestern National Monuments Headquarters as Junior Park Naturalist in 1937, Mr. Dodge continued his interpretive work in a desert setting. He is now Assistant Park Naturalist of Southwestern National Monuments and is also serving as Acting Regional Naturalist at Region Three Headquarters of the National Park Service at Santa Fe, New Mexico.

The second part of his article will appear in a future issue.

A World War veteran, reentering the Army in 1940, wrote: "When I come back I hope that I shall find America to be still the America of my boyhood dreams, a nation where a man of reasonable intelligence and integrity can achieve a happy life. Loving the outdoors, I should hate to find that our conservation program had been junked. Clean waters, green forests, an abundance of wild things, and freedom to use and enjoy them—these I hope Americans will always have."—*Virginia Wildlife*.

NEWS FROM THE CONSERVATION BATTLEFRONTS

To bring to the readers of NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE a glimpse of the problems in other fields of conservation, the Editors extend an invitation to conservation organizations throughout the United States and Canada to submit quarterly news items to this department. Items for the July-September issue should be submitted by June 1st.

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SAVE-THE-REDWOODS LEAGUE, 250 Administration Building, University of California, Berkeley, California.—Urging preservation of the finest redwood forests in California not yet in public keeping, the Save-the-Redwoods League is emphasizing the importance of rescuing the famous Avenue of the Giants before it is too late. Directly in the path of lumbering operations, the Avenue of the Giants forest along the Redwood Highway in the Eel River region, Humboldt County, is referred to as one of the world's magnificent primeval forests, in the annual report of the League recently issued.

The State of California, through appropriations made by the Legislature, is co-operating in the preservation program. The Save-the-Redwoods League is making a nationwide appeal to raise the urgently needed funds to aid in the move to acquire the parts of the great forest not yet protected within the State Park System.

Contributions for preservation of the Avenue of the Giants forest in all its primitive grandeur and beauty are made through the Save-the-Redwoods League, whose Treasurer is Dr. Robert G. Sproul, 250 Administration Building, University of California, Berkeley.—AUBREY DRURY, *Administrative Secretary*.

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THE PENNSYLVANIA FORESTRY ASSOCIATION, 1007 Commercial Trust Building, Philadelphia.—We are now concerned with a widespread desecration of the

landscape. Increased demands for coal, both anthracite and bituminous, caused by U-boat attacks on our tankers and by wartime industrial expansion, have given such impetus to strip-mining that great areas of once productive farmland are being converted into alternating ditches and piles of rock and subsoil. These eyesores are appearing in increasing numbers each week.

We recognize the need for increased coal production, but we also feel that the improved equipment which makes strip-mining so profitable could be used to refill the excavations at small cost, thereby making it possible to reforest these areas.—H. GLEASON MATTOON, *Executive Secretary*.

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THE TRUSTEES OF PUBLIC RESERVATIONS, 50 Congress Street, Boston.—Dr. Joel E. Goldthwait of Boston recently presented to the Trustees of Public Reservations of Massachusetts 300 acres of scenic woodland in Medfield as a reservation for the enjoyment of the public. The area contains many geologic and scenic features, among which are four artificial ponds. These have become breeding places for ducks. The reservation itself is a bird sanctuary.—LAWRENCE B. FLETCHER, *Secretary*.

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WILD FLOWER PRESERVATION SOCIETY, 3740 Oliver Street, N. W., Washington.—During World War I extensive campaigns were conducted through press and films for the protection of flowering dogwood from vandalism. It was expected that with the rush of workers to Washington a repeat campaign would be necessary in this area but there were no indications of such need during the past spring, possibly due to the conservation work done in the schools during the past twenty-five years. The dogwood is subject to greater destruction through com-

mercial use than any other small ornamental tree. It has been estimated that 3,000 cords of the wood of dogwood are used each year for shuttles and other purposes, most of it coming from the southern Blue Ridge. In some areas the supply has been so reduced that persimmon is being used as a substitute. Laws can not prevent the sale of dogwood timber any more than they can prevent the sale of other species of timber. Pennsylvania and Virginia have set an example in dogwood conservation through ornamental planting along highways which it would be well for other states to follow.—P. L. RICKER, *President*.

AMERICAN NATURE ASSOCIATION.
1214 16th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.—Great danger lies in the current trend toward emphasizing the importance of wild birds and mammals as a source of meat. Game, legally acquired by the individual gunner, may supplement his diet and expand his menu, but it is impracticable as a food source generally. Even the smallest program of this sort menaces the future of our none-too-great stock of wild animals, and opens the door to commercialization. Strength is lent to such ideas by erroneous reports of a great abundance of wild game. These arise from a few scattered concentrations of game—largely of migratory waterfowl—which have been magnified by selfish and prejudiced interests. Most species will benefit greatly and come back more rapidly as a result of reduced hunting pressure. Administrative authorities can take care of economic problems arising from occasional concentrations.—RICHARD W. WESTWOOD, *Secretary*.

NATIONAL AUDUBON SOCIETY, 1006 Fifth Avenue, New York.—Recently, hats decorated with eagle feathers made their appearance in the windows of Lord & Taylor in New York City; this in spite of the fact that the sale of such feathers has been illegal in this state since 1910, and that in April 1941, the importers and dealers in wild bird plumage in New York City turned over for

destruction their existing stocks of eagle and certain other feathers, which were burned.

Investigation showed that Lord & Taylor had bought these hats with plumage attached from Alfreda Hats, Inc., which had failed to include the plumage in legally filed inventory. Lord & Taylor accepted the goods in spite of the fact that the invoice bore no certification that the plumage was part of a legally filed inventory. Both Lord & Taylor and Alfreda Hats, Inc., have been fined. The business of S. Rosen in New York was then checked by enforcement agents, who found eagle and other feathers in stock, but not included in filed inventories. The eagle feathers have been confiscated and a fine levied.—JOHN H. BAKER, *Executive Director*.

MASSACHUSETTS FOREST AND PARK ASSOCIATION, 3 Joy Street, Boston.—A special State Forest Advisory Committee created by the legislature and directed to hold hearings and prepare legislation on the control of cutting on private woodlands, has prepared a bill which was filed in December. Section 1 of the bill reads: "It is hereby declared that the public welfare requires the rehabilitation and protection of forest lands for the purpose of conserving water, preventing floods and soil erosion, improving the conditions for wildlife and recreation and providing a continuing and increasing supply of forest products for farm use and for the wood-using industries of the commonwealth. Therefore, it is hereby declared to be the policy of the commonwealth that all lands now or hereafter devoted to forest growth shall be kept in such condition as shall not jeopardize the public interest, and that the policy of the commonwealth shall further be one of cooperation with the landowners and other agencies interested in forestry practices, for the profitable management of all forest lands in the interest of the owner, the public and the users of forest products."

Owing to the threat of Federal control of timber-cutting on privately owned forest lands throughout the country, this bill should be of nation-wide interest.—HARRIS A. REYNOLDS, *Secretary*.

THE EDITOR'S BOOKSHELF

THE ROSEATE SPOONBILL Research Report No. 2, by Robert Porter Allen. Published by the National Audubon Society, 1006 Fifth Avenue, New York. Illustrated. 142 pages. Price \$2.50.

This is the second in a series of reports to be published by the National Audubon Society on rare or vanishing species of birds. It is the result of sixteen months spent in the field by the author making exhaustive studies of the living birds in their Florida and Texas habitats, and nine more months spent in museum, library and office making further investigations.

This valuable record gives the tragic story of the slaughter of the spoonbill, one of the most beautiful birds in the world, for its plumage that was sought for use in the millinery trade and for fans.

The former range of the bird in North America is discussed at length, and this is followed by several chapters on the life history of the species. Chief purpose of the report is to aid in determining what must be done to preserve the species within our own borders. Now limited to a few spots along the Florida, Louisiana and Texas coasts, the bird has increased in Texas, but declined in Florida during recent years in spite of protection by Audubon wardens.

Extremely interestingly written, this valuable report will make excellent reading, and a worth while addition to the library of anyone who knows the importance of preserving our native fauna.

THE GARMENT OF GOD, Influence of Nature in Human experience, by John C. Merriam. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 162 pages. Price \$2.00.

Dr. John C. Merriam is one of America's leading scientists in several branches of the field of natural phenomena. He is an educator in the same field, and this has led him to seek means by which the study and appreciation of nature may be made more

readily available to others. As a student and observer of nature, Dr. Merriam has for many years been concerned with the effects of nature upon human thought.

One of the outstanding conclusions reached by the author in this new book, is that unmodified natural features exert a greater influence upon thought and feeling than do phases of the natural world that have been changed by human activities. The author uses examples of natural phenomena with which to illustrate his inferences. He mentions the Yosemite Valley and Crater Lake, pointing out the basic differences in their aspects and in their origins, and then discusses the effect each has upon human interest and feeling.

The topic of this little book is one to which few people give serious thought. As the reader progresses, he comes to understand better the why and wherefore of his own particular reactions to natural environment—that kind of environment being preserved in the national parks.

WILDLIFE PORTFOLIO of the Western National Parks, by Joseph S. Dixon. Printed by the U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. Illustrated. 121 pages. Price \$1.25.

This is a collection of photographic reproductions of thirty-seven mammals, eighteen birds and two reptiles. In his introduction, the author states that "no movie-trained animals, or other high-powered methods have been used to procure results." Most of the pictures were taken by the author, but a few have been included from other sources. Not all of them are photographically excellent. This may be due in part to over-enlargement. Particularly fine, however, are the badger, the Alaska red fox, the gray fox, the yellow-haired porcupine, and the group of mountain bighorns. A brief and interesting discussion accompanies each picture.

THE DUCKS, GEESE AND SWANS OF NORTH AMERICA, by F. H. Kortwright. Published by The American Wildlife Institute, Washington, D. C. Illustrated. 476 pages. Price \$4.50.

This book has been written for use by both the waterfowl hunter, and by anyone who enjoys waterfowl merely by observing it. It is without question the most complete volume on the subject that has appeared. Other books on waterfowl describe little more than spring plumage, habits and range. Besides the more than 300 pages on descriptions of the individual species, this book contains chapters on such topics as molts and plumages, identification of a specimen in the hand, sex and age determination, mating and nesting habits, longevity records, speed of flight, migration routes; and there is a glossary of terms, as well as other useful features.

Among the subjects covered in each description of the individual species are the plumage of both sexes and the juvenile, field marks in flight and on the water, specimen identification, voice description, and the life story of the species. The latter occupies as much as three full pages in many cases. Accompanying the descriptions there are pen drawings of the bird on the water and on the wing, and frequently there is a drawing showing flight formations and other details. Each species is shown in the full color of the mature bird and the downy young. Wing patterns are

also shown in full color, and a range map of each species is given.

The author is a Canadian. He states that he is not an ornithologist, yet he has produced a truly remarkable work.

No longer can the waterfowl hunter use "mistaken identity" as an excuse for shooting a species that is on the protected list.

THE FRIENDLY MOUNTAINS, Green, White and Adirondacks, Edited by Roderick Peattie. Published by The Vanguard Press, New York. Illustrated. 341 pages. Price \$3.50.

Here is a book that will provide many pleasant hours of reading. We know that the Editor, Mr. Peattie, will get his wish which he expresses by saying he trusts the book will be especially welcome at the present time of crisis, when the beauties of our countryside are dearer and closer to us than ever before. The text is divided into eight parts, each one dealing with a particular topic relating to the mountains. One part tells about the history of the mountain settlement; another about the weather and climates of the mountains; and there is one on winter sports in the ranges, and so on. Each part has been written by a person selected because of his or her knowledge on the particular subject.

Both informative and entertaining, the volume is the first in a series called The American Mountain Series.

THE PARKS AND CONGRESS

78th Congress to April 1, 1943

NATIONAL PARKS

S. 468. (Ellender) To provide for the establishment of the Tensas Swamp National Park, Louisiana, and for other purposes. Introduced January 21. Referred to the

Committee on Public Lands and Surveys. Senator Ellender introduced this bill in the 77th Congress also. See the article entitled *Act Now, Louisiana* in the July-September 1942 issue, and *Louisiana's Vanishing Forest Primeval* in the January-

March 1943 issue of National Parks Magazine. To date there has been no action on this bill. Time is marching on, as well as the Chicago Mill and Lumber Company which is cutting the virgin timber, and is now operating far ahead of its schedule. A very small remnant of the forest remains, and only immediate action can save this, together with the rare forms of wildlife including the ivory-billed woodpecker which inhabit it.

S. 551 (McKeller) To accept the cession by the states of North Carolina and Tennessee of exclusive jurisdiction over the lands embraced within the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, and for other purposes. Introduced January 21. Referred to the Committee on Public Lands and Surveys.

H. R. 1388 (Jennings) To authorize the acceptance of donations of land for the construction of a scenic parkway to provide an appropriate view of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park from the Tennessee side of the park, and for other purposes. Introduced January 1. Referred to the Committee on the Public Lands. The Committee has requested a report from the Interior Department. Such a road outside the present boundaries of the park would not intrude within superlative wilderness areas.

NATIONAL MONUMENTS

S. 37—H. R. 647 (Truman-Short) To provide for the establishment of the George Washington Carver National Monument. Introduced January 7 and 6. Referred to the respective committees on public lands. The House and Senate committees have held joint hearings, and have requested a report from the Interior Department.

S. 378 (Hayden) To provide for the addition of certain land in the State of Arizona to Montezuma Castle National Monument. Introduced January 14. Referred to the Committee on Public Lands and Surveys. The Committee is awaiting a report from the Interior Department.

S. 379 (Hayden) To revise the boundaries of the Saguaro National Monument. Introduced January 1. Referred to the Committee on Public Lands and Surveys. The Committee is awaiting a report from the Interior Department.

NATIONAL HISTORICAL PARKS

H. R. 1184 (Randolph) To provide for the creation of the Harpers Ferry National Historical Park in the states of West Virginia, Maryland and Virginia, and for other purposes. Introduced January 14. Referred to the Committee on the Public Lands.

NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

S. 380 (Hayden) To authorize the participation of states in certain revenues from the national parks and national monuments and other areas under the administrative jurisdiction of the National Park Service, and for other purposes. Introduced January 14. Referred to the Committee on Public Lands and Surveys.

MISCELLANEOUS

H. R. 27 (Bland) To provide for the establishment of the Rehoboth-Assateague National Seashore in the state of Delaware, Maryland and Virginia, and for other purposes. Introduced January 6. Referred to the Committee on the Public Lands. The Interior Department has requested that temporarily there shall be no action taken on the bill.

H. R. 1975—Making appropriations to supply deficiencies in certain appropriations for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1943, and for the prior fiscal years, to provide supplemental appropriations for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1943, and for other purposes. Introduced March 1. Referred to the Committee on Appropriations. Among other appropriations, this bill would provide funds for expenses incident to the repair of flood damages to National Capital park areas and the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal.

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1214 SIXTEENTH STREET, N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

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WHY THE NATIONAL PARKS ASSOCIATION

Origin of the National Park System and Service

Wanderers penetrating the wilderness that is today known as Yellowstone National Park told tales of the natural wonders of the area. To verify these tales an expedition was sent out in 1872. At the campfire one evening, a member of the expedition conceived the plan of having these natural spectacles placed in the care of the government to be preserved for the inspiration, education and enjoyment of all generations. After the party made its report to Congress, Yellowstone National Park came into being. Today its geysers, its forests and its wildlife are spared, and the area is a nearly intact bit of the original wilderness which once stretched across the continent.

Since 1872 twenty-five other highly scenic areas, each one a distinct type of original wilderness of outstanding beauty, have also been spared from commercial exploitation and designated as national parks. Together they comprise the National Park System. To manage the System the National Park Service was formed in 1916. In its charge are national monuments as well as other areas and sites of varied classification.

Commercial Encroachment and Other Dangers

Most people believe that the national parks have remained and will remain inviolate, but this is not wholly true. Selfish commercial interests seek to have bills introduced in Congress making it legal to graze livestock, cut timber, develop mines, dam rivers for waterpower, and so forth, within the parks. It is sometimes possible for an organized small minority working through Congress to have its way over an unorganized vast majority.

Thus it is that a power dam built in 1913 floods the once beautiful Hetch Hetchy Valley in Yosemite National Park; and that during World War I certain flower-filled alpine meadows in the parks were opened to grazing. The building of needless roads that destroy primeval character, the over-development of amusement facilities; and the inclusion of areas that do not conform to national park standards, and which sometimes contain resources that will be needed for economic use, constitute other threats to the System. A danger also grows out of the recent establishment of ten other kinds of parks lacking the standards of the world-famous primeval group. These are designated by descriptive adjectives, while the primitive group is not. Until the latter are officially entitled **national primeval parks** to distinguish them from the others, they will remain subject to political assaults.

The National Parks Association

The Association was established in 1919 to promote the preservation of primeval conditions in the national parks, and in certain national monuments, and to maintain the high standards of the national parks adopted at the creation of the National Park Service. The Association is ready also to preserve wild and wilderness country and its virgin forests, plantlife and wildlife elsewhere in the nation; and it is the purpose of the Association to win all America to their appreciation.

The membership of the Association is composed of men and women who know the value of preserving for all time a few small remnants of the original wilderness of North America. Non-political and non-partisan, the Association stands ready to oppose violations to the sanctity of the national parks and other areas. When threats occur, the Association appeals to its members and allied organizations to express their wishes to those in authority. When plans are proposed that merely would provide profit for the few, but which at the same time would destroy our superlative national heritage, it is the part of the National Parks Association to point the way to more constructive programs. Members are kept informed on all important matters through the pages of NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE.

The National Parks and You

To insure the preservation of our heritage of scenic wilderness, the combined force of thinking Americans is needed. Membership in the National Parks Association offers a means through which you may do your part in guarding the national parks and other wilderness country. Join now. Annual membership is \$3.00 a year; supporting membership \$5.00 a year; sustaining membership \$10.00 a year; contributing membership \$25.00 a year; life membership \$100.00, and patron membership \$1,000.00 with no further dues. All memberships include subscription to NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE.

THE APPROPRIATION OF AMPLE FEDERAL FUNDS
FOR THE CONTROL AND PREVENTION OF FOREST FIRES
AND FOR THE CONTROL OF FOREST INSECT PESTS
IS PART OF THE BATTLE ON THE HOME FRONT
BECAUSE IT WILL HELP TO KEEP AMERICA
WORTH FIGHTING FOR

